

YOUNG FOLKS

WILLIAM'S POST CARD.

It was a little town. Theodore and Dorothy and their little mother had come to it because the air was dry and smelled of pines, and all last summer at the shore Dorothy had had hay fever.

The morning was very warm. Theodore and Dorothy had been to the store with William—you shall hear about William soon—and now sat at a table in the arbor, with a pile of postcards and their paint boxes beside them.

You could buy only three kinds of picture post cards at the store—Alewife Brook, Round Top Mountain, and the Town Hall—and these were not colored, but it was just as well, for it was such fun to color them yourself.

The children had done Round Top Mountain in pale green for spring, and darker green for summer, and in different shades of red and yellow for autumn.

Now Dorothy was doing Alewife Brook in summer, and Theodore was painting the Town Hall.

William sat between them, watching a part of the time, and part of the time looking down the road at the small white house which was his home. His mother had told him that very morning they would have to sell it. It had looked strange and different, somehow, since. He tried not to think of selling it, and turned back to the pictures. He had lived in the little white house ever since he was born.

"When I get this finished"—Dorothy spoke very thoughtfully, for she was trying to put the blue on the brook without spreading it over the edges of the stones—"wouldn't you like to do one, William?"

"I don't believe I could do it well enough," William said.

"Oh yes, you could. It's easy."

William was a very nice boy. He was fourteen—almost grown up—that seemed to Theodore and Dorothy. He had taken them up Round Top Mountain, and over to the ledges, and out on the cove in the boat. Almost every day he took them somewhere. And he was very careful, so that their mother could trust him, and they had beautiful times. They couldn't have had nearly such good times without William.

When Dorothy had finished she got up from her chair. "There now you can take my place," she said. "And you must choose whichever card you like best, and whether you would rather have it spring or summer or autumn."

William drew back a little. "I'm afraid I'll spoil it," he said.

But Dorothy told him that she was sure he would not, and spread the cards out on the table, and William chose the same picture that Dorothy had just been painting—Alewife Brook—only he decided to color his light green for spring.

Dorothy rubbed some fresh paint on the plate for him, and showed him how to begin.

"I think you do it very nicely, William," she said, after she had watched him for several minutes. "Isn't it fun! Theodore and I would like to paint all the time if we didn't have to go to school. Do you like to go to school?"

William held his card up before him and looked at it.

"O yes," he said. "But I'm not going any more."

Theodore and Dorothy both looked up with puzzled faces.

"If you like to go, I should think you would go," Dorothy said.

"I'm going to work."

William straightened back his shoulders and tried to make his voice sound like a man's. Nobody would have guessed that he had cried that morning, as he came through the woods, because he could not go to school the next term. Not even his mother knew that, for he had not shed a tear when she told him, but had said that he thought a big boy like him ought to go to work.

That afternoon Theodore and Dorothy wrote the addresses and put the stamps on the post cards, for they were going to send them all away. Theodore had nine, and Dorothy eight, because she had given William the one he had colored. When they had finished they took them to the post office. William went with them, and dropped his in the box, too.

And wasn't Dorothy glad afterward, that she had given William the post card! And wasn't William glad that he had sent it away instead of putting it in his scrap-book, as he had thought of doing! For something very pleasant happened.

One afternoon, just a week later, Theodore and Dorothy came running into the arbor, where their mother sat sewing. They were both out of breath, and their eyes were shining.

"Guess who is at William's house!" cried Dorothy.

"Yes. Guess who is at William's house!" repeated Theodore.

And then they both said together, "William's uncle!"

"And he hasn't been here for years and years!" said Dorothy.

"He said that when he got the picture of Alewife Brook, that William sent him, it made him want to come," said Theodore.

"He used to go fishing there," added Dorothy.

"And he's bought the house!" said Theodore.

"And he says William can go to school!" said Dorothy.

And then they both ran back to William's house to tell him again how glad they were, and that mother had said yes when they had asked her about the week over the ledges that afternoon.

TRY TOAST FOR HEALTH.

Since most of us are very fond of toast, but eat it sparingly, however, because of the general impression that it is bad for the health, it is pleasing to find a leading medical journal pointing out the cove in the boat. Almost every wholesome, even for invalids.

One thing in its favor is the fact that it places a lighter tax on the digestive functions than ordinary bread, since during its preparation some of the starch grains of the flour are ruptured, while some are converted into dextrine, which is easily soluble.

Further, the crispness of toast necessitates its being completely moistened in the mouth before it can be swallowed. As a rule, therefore, toast is thoroughly submitted to the action of the preliminary digestive process in the mouth.

It is important, however, that toast should be crisp all through, as otherwise the internal portions tend to become plastic and soft, like new bread, and like it, difficult of digestion if not thoroughly masticated.

ROUGH ON THE JURY.

Curious comments by a judge, even in the presence of the prisoner, though extremely rare, are not unprecedented. Mr. Justice Maule once addressed a phenomenon of innocence in a smock-frock in the following words: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you guilty, and it remains that I shall pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day, and as that day was yesterday you may now go about your business."

The unfortunate rustic, rather scared, went about his business, but thought law was an uncommonly puzzling business.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. It attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory and plensatic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir."

She: "Really, Captain Footinett, I fell so bored I was bound to yawn; but, of course, I hid my mouth with my hand." He: "No. You don't mean to say that such a sweet, tiny little hand could hide such a—a—er—that is to say—aren't we having awfully beastly weather just now?"

It is Good for Man and Beast. — Not only is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pains it can be used with good effect.

POSSIBLE TROUBLE.

"I'll have to put you in a stateroom with another man," said the clerk of the steamer.

"Who is he?" asked the passenger.

"A Mr. Sikes. He's all right. I know him."

"What is he?"

"He's a silent partner in a brewery."

"Haven't you any other vacant berths?"

"No; this is the only one we have left."

"Well, I'll take it. But if you hear the biggest row in that stateroom presently you ever had on this boat you needn't let it surprise you. I'm a temperance lecturer."

WINDFALL FOR A VILLAGE.

The little French village of Dampierre, in the Marne, has just received a "windfall" which is probably a record, in the sense that it may be doubted if ever before a legacy so large was left to a place so small. The place contains 212 inhabitants, all told, and the amount of the bequest is \$500,000. The testator was M. Chartrain, a well-known Paris barrister, who was a native of Dampierre. The bequest is for the foundation of a hospital, of a home for the aged, and of scholarships for pupils and students.

Miss Robinson: "I went to a fortune-teller last night and got my fortune told. She said I was to marry a tall, handsome gentleman, who was a splendid musician, a magnificent dancer—an all-round genius, in fact." The Conceited Mr. Green: "Exactly, Miss Robinson; then may I offer you my hand and heart?"

Known to Thousands. — Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness, and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well-known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in going tone to the system.

HIS "KIDDIES."

Miss Booth's Touching Story of Darkest London.

A striking story was lately told on the platform by Evangeline Booth, commander of the Salvation Army in America. One night, while Miss Booth sat in her own room, in one of the worst parts of London, a poor woman ran in to tell of a friend near by who had just died.

"They say she died of cancer, but it ain't so," said the woman. "He's done it with his drink an' his fist! He's drunk now, too. The minute she died he come an' tuk the clothes off the baby an' put 'em up the spout!"—the local slang for pawning them.

Miss Booth, following her visitor, went to a cellar, where she found near the body of the mother two children, too young to talk much, curled up together on the damp floor. She took them immediately to her own room, bathed and fed them and put them to bed.

Three nights afterwards came the father still intoxicated. His amiable plan, as he announced it, was to wring Miss Booth's neck.

Miss Booth told him firmly that he could not have his babies, but that he might look at them if he wished. She then led him to her room, and showed him his babies, their hair combed, their faces rosy and clean, curled up in bed, dressed in little white "nights," like two angels, or two ordinary happy little ones.

The man continued to be abusive for a time; then the words came more slowly.

Finally he stopped short, and then burst into tears—not maudlin tears of drunken men this time, but tears marking the shock of an awakening manhood.

"Are them my kiddies?" he asked, finally, in a subdued voice.

Miss Booth finished her story by the simple statement—"He never drank again."

They Advertise Themselves.—Immediately they were offered to the public Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has grown, and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and biliousness, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise.

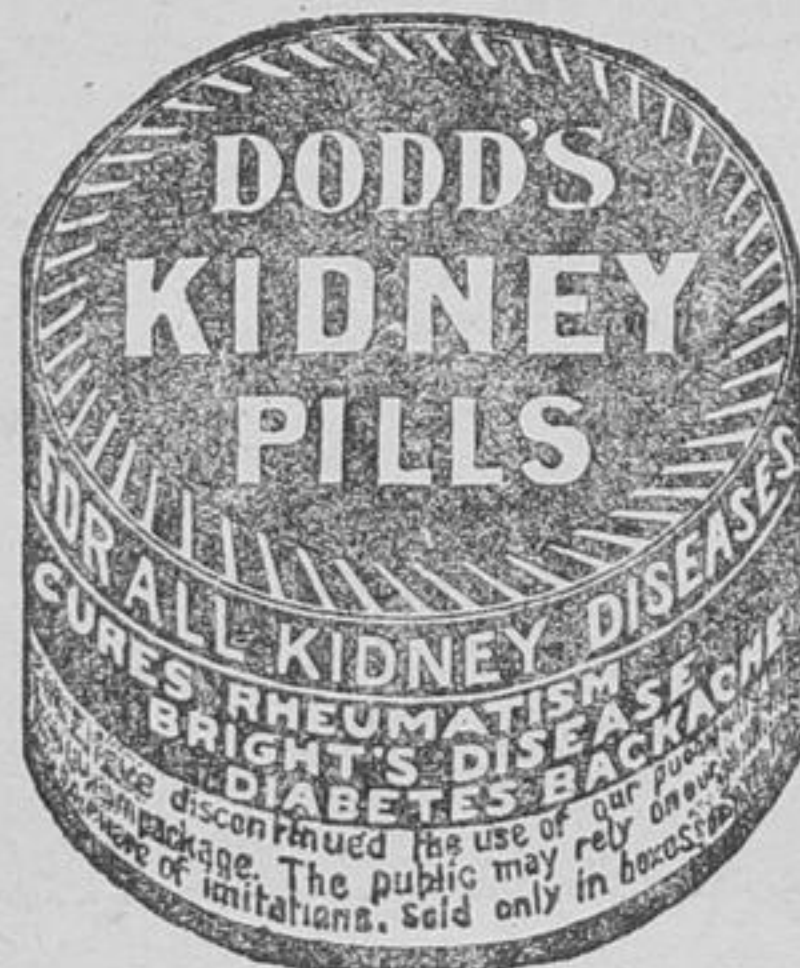
Mr. Ghout: "All my money cannot give me health, doctor!" Dr. Bolus: "No, perhaps not; but it is of inestimable value, nevertheless. It gives your physician great confidence."

Spots and blotches on the face and neck are often merely signs of foul blood. Apply Weaver's Cerate to obtain immediate relief and take Weaver's Syrup to rid the blood of pollution.

John had accidentally upset a dish of stewed prunes. "Isn't that lucky?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by its being lucky?" asked his mother, who would hardly have described it in that way. "Why, it's lucky I don't like prunes," explained John.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

Tom (rapturously): "Words fail me when I try to tell you how much I love you. Oh, my darling, is there no way that I can show you my love?" Kate: "You might take me to a better restaurant next time."



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SUNLIGHT SOAP

Wash oilcloths and linoleums with warm water and Sunlight Soap, rinse clean and wipe dry. The colors will be preserved and the surface unharmed.

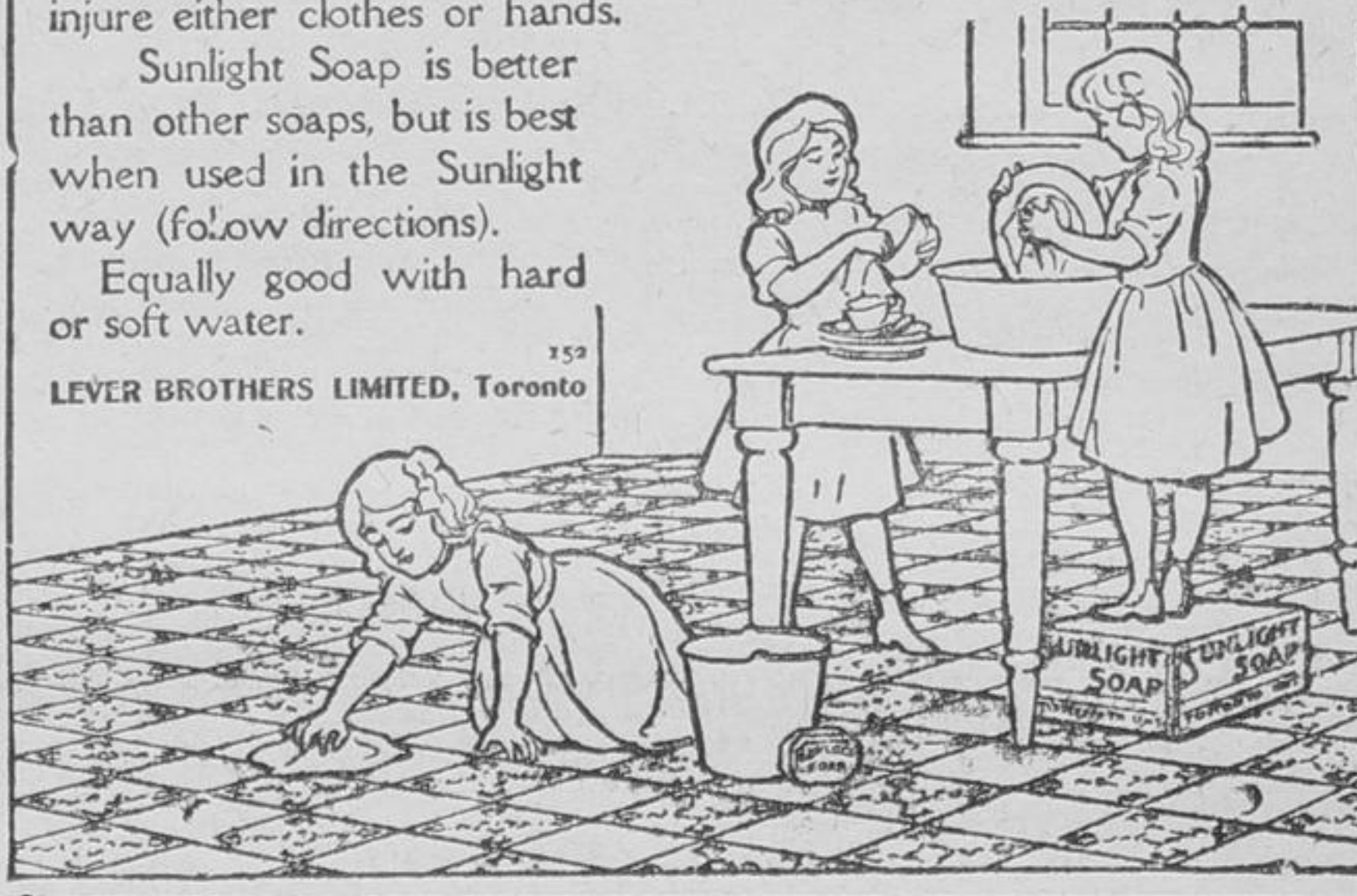
Common soaps fade the colors and injure the surface. Sunlight Soap cleans, freshens and preserves oilcloths and linoleums.

Sunlight Soap washes clothes white without injury to the most delicate fabrics, or to the hands, for it contains nothing that can injure either clothes or hands.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way (follow directions).

Equally good with hard or soft water.

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Wind, Water, Storm and Fire Proof. Locked on All Four Sides.



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We are the largest and oldest company of the kind under the British flag, and have covered thousands of the best buildings throughout Canada, making them

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R. PARSONS, 61 Wellesley Street, Toronto, Canada.

His Wife: "A man who is as big a fool as you are should never have married!" Her Husband: "But, of course, if I hadn't been as big a fool as I was I wouldn't have married!"

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences as many have testified who have tried it.

Bridegroom: "What's the matter, driver?" Coachman: "The horse has just thrown a shoe, sir." Bridegroom: "Great Scot! Do even horses know we are just married?"

Chemists Have Trouble in getting iron into such a state that the system will absorb, and benefit by it, in "Ferrovin," the best tonic, perfection has been achieved. It builds and strengthens.

"What did your lawyer do when he found that you had inherited the estate?" "Oh, he took it in good part."

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

SHOWER OF FISHES.

A remarkable phenomenon of a recent thunderstorm was seen in the State of Queensland. In the midst of the rain there suddenly fell from the skies a large number of young fish. The fish fell at first in twos and threes, but subsequently came in dozens, until a large area of ground was strewn with live fish measuring from 1½ inches to 3 inches. It is thought that the storm generated a waterspout in one of the rivers, and that the fish were sucked up by it and carried by the wind some long distance before being dropped.

HOUSE IN A MAPLE TREE.

A singular maple tree on the left bank of the Oder, in Germany, is at least a century old, and has been twisted and cut into a kind of circular house of two storeys. A firm, leafy floor has been formed by causing the branches to become gradually woven together. Above this is a smaller second floor, similarly formed, and the ends of the branches have been woven into solid walls, in which eight windows on each storey have been cut.

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BEYOND REPAIR.

Waiter—Customer says he can't eat this steak.

Proprietor—Does he? Well, take it back and tell him he will have to pay for it. He's cut the thing all out of shape, and we shall never be able to use it again.

Slander is the coward's sword.

MRS. HUNTER'S STORY

Says Results are "Truly Wonderful."



Mrs. I. Hunter, of 111 Raglan Road, Kingston, Ont., says:—

"I have suffered with kidney and liver trouble and chronic constipation for some time. I was subject to dizziness, bilious headache, nervousness, drowsiness, pains in the back and side, and a tired, weary feeling nearly all the time.

"I tried almost every medicine, was treated by doctors and druggists with little or no benefit.

"I tried Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill, and the results have been truly wonderful. I am so much better. Anti-Pill is a most wonderful remedy."

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